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VILLAGE REVELS.

**VILLAGE REVELS.**

This scene is not an agreeable, but it may be a salutary one. It is now in the power of many of us to aid some of the young within the spheres of our influence, in forming a taste for the low, degrading, vicious and ruinous practices of the idle and profligate, or to instil into them principles, and to cultivate habits, which shall place them above a grovelling level, and fortify them for life against all the temptations, which to others may prove irresistible.

The recollections of past days and old acquaintances, often rise to our minds with impressions so sad : so strongly are we occasionally reminded of the melancholy ruin of those we knew in youth or childhood, by the want of careful parents or other guardians, that we have often felt an irresistible desire to warn those now around us, who are exposed to similar dangers, to beware of the courses whose end we have too much reason to dread. Could we but bring up before the eyes of our readers some of the friends and playmates of our childhood, as we still see them in memory, with their gay and friendly smiles, their pure, unsullied characters, their frank, ingenuous manners, their noble hearts, their upright intentions, their bright anticipations of long, respectable and happy lives, and then show the sad reverse which a few years exhibited, we feel certain that our youthful readers, as well as those of greater experience, would find reason to thank us for the brief, but direct warning which we intend this week to speak in their ears.

The print we now present is a foreign one, and was depicted, we believe, with no design to reproach the practices it represents, but rather as a scene of common occurrence among the peasantry of Europe, which many regard as natural, and not unbecoming on occasions of general leisure and hilarity. Unfortunately our country has not been a stranger to scenes of the same nature. In spite of all the precautions taken by our ancestors, to guard against ignorance, irreligion and vice, and of all the success which they had, in

adopting and transmitting right principles, good habits and excellent institutions, in this point they signally failed. All of us who are old enough to remember the awful flood of intemperance which was pouring through our land thirty or forty years ago, will look back with unspeakable horror ; and whoever knows the history of its origin and progress will be deeply impressed with the imminent danger of its return, and the necessity of guarding against its ravages in future. We might rather compare that awful and universal scourge to a general inundation, than to a current, of whatever size ; for it not only destroyed the poor and lowly, the less educated and most distressed, but it invaded the highest classes of society. It not only ravaged the vallies, but it rose above the highest mountains ; and even science and refinement, domestic peace and purity, sank in the melancholy ruin. No place, no circumstances were safe from its invasions ; and one of the most extensive forms of misery which it brought in its train, was that of dread and apprehension. While fathers, brothers and sons were daily transformed into brutes, into madmen or idiots, by this subtil influence, what wife or mother could call her treasure her own ; what child could surely count on the love or protection of a father, even for a day ? Indeed, what member of any family could find assurance that his home would not, before to-morrow, be converted into a scene of shame and misery, by the falling of its principal ornament, or its strongest prop ?

The North American Review, a few years ago, published a sketch of the history of ardent spirits in the United States, in which it exhibited the introduction and rapid progress of the manufacture of the different sorts of domestic spirits, beginning with New England rum. The picture was astounding ; and the reader was forced to admit the conclusion of the writer : that never, since the creation of the world, was any country ever supplied with such an amount of intoxicating liquors, at so cheap a rate. The spring of all that flood of mischief

was shown to have been the raw material brought from the West Indies. The planters had been accustomed to throw away the molasses remaining after making their sugar: but an American trader brought a small quantity home, to see whether it might be applied to some use; and, after it had been awhile used as food, distillation was resorted to, and that current of intemperance began to flow, which many thousands of our best citizens, with some of our most devoted philanthropists as their head, have been laboring, with all their powers, to stop for many years. They are laboring still, and although they have accomplished but a part of the good they design, they have done, and are doing more. God be with them!

But let us not be so short-sighted, in our retrospect of past years, as to seek the head-spring of this horrible stream too near our own times, or in one of its branches.

Our ancestors, with all their wisdom and virtue, neither foresaw nor properly guarded against the danger of intemperance. From the earliest records of the country we learn that total abstinence was not practiced, but, on the contrary, that "strong waters" were in use, and that some of the best men made no scruple in drinking them, nor in presenting them to the Indians. They appear to have been regarded, as they were for several generations afterwards, as necessities, or at least as cordials, useful to those in feeble health, or exposed to fatigue or to hardship. Among many other evidences of this which we have seen, we have an old manuscript diary in our possession, which was kept by the Rev. Thomas Buckingham, chaplain of the Connecticut forces sent against Louisburgh and Canada, in two campaigns of the old French war, which contains entries of rum, gin and other liquors, laid up among his little private stores. In the Connecticut Historical Society's Collection of manuscripts, are several bills, of different old dates, paid to persons who entertained ministers at Conso-

ciations, &c., in which liquors form a constant and a large item. The use was habitual, and its dangers not known. The lesson had never been taught, as it was afterwards taught in consequence of their neglect and example. Could they have looked forward, they would never have left to us such a task as we have found on our hands—the wide ruins of society to be rebuilt from rubbish, and the dyking-out of an ocean which had long over-whelmed the country. This work we must perform. It is arduous and expensive: but yet light, both for the hand and for the purse, compared with that which the neglect of it would soon bring upon us all.

Whoever may be disposed to question the propriety or necessity of prosecuting it in earnest, and without intermission or cessation, may sit down and contemplate a picture like the following, and ask himself,



how the heart is affected by the prospect of having son or grandson, brother, father or husband reduced to the condition of this man, home stripped of every remnant of comfort and decency, and nothing left for a companion to the miserable being—now an object of fear and contempt, of abhorrence and dread—unless some faithful dog, whose attachment is proof against want and abuse. When we see fashion seeking new forms to inveigle our sons into the paths of dissipation it is time for parents to arouse anew. In the city of New York a splendid edifice has been opened for expensive amusements, for fashionable dissipation. Dangers, imminent dangers stand at the threshold.

**THE FASTEST MEN OF THE AGE—  
WAGHORN AND BRUNEL**

*From the Boston Atlas.*

Whilst flying along the Great Western Railroad, from Bristol to London, it struck me that sketches of the two men who had done more towards fast travelling, than any two others in existence, might be interesting to the readers of the *Atlas*. I was in the fastest train in the world, for we glided along at the rate of 60 miles an hour, and my thoughts naturally fell into a *railway* train; as soon as I could procure pen and ink, I set down my "notions," and here they are.

Let me first speak of Mr Waghorn, whose recent extraordinary overland journey from India has excited so much attention: I took my "chop," a week ago, at the Jerusalem Coffee House, for the purpose of seeing him, and before I had half got through it, there walked into the Coffee room a gentleman, apparently about fifty years of age, five feet six inches in height, with a robust constitution, and a very intelligent countenance, the latter much tanned by his frequent voyages to, and excursions in foreign countries. The "Jerusalem" is the home, when in town, of this individual, whom I need scarcely introduce as Lieutenant Waghorn.

Lieutenant Waghorn is rather an eccentric man, and though excitable, is undoubtedly an honest British seaman. A story is current in the city, that "Tom Waghorn," as he is familiarly called, can do nothing without the Pacha of Egypt, and the Pacha of Egypt nothing without him. Waghorn is said to be Mehemet Ali's *fidus Achates*, and every reason exists for believing that the influence the one possesses over the other, has done much to ensure the safety of the passage of the mail over the desert.

The rapidity of Mr. Waghorn's movements is a great feature in his bustling character.—You meet him one day at the Jerusalem Coffee House; and the next, or the day after, you see him announced as arrived at Paris, on his way to Marseilles—of course *en route* for Egypt. You are perhaps, in a day or two afterwards, surprised to find, rushing up Cornhill, or down Birchen Lane, the individual, who, you would have thought, could scarcely have reached Alexandria; and when you say, "Ah! what back again—why you have never seen the Pacha?" "Yes, I have though—when we travel, we don't do things by halves," is the reply.

It was not many months ago that Mr. Waghorn was off on one of those flying visits, and he then reached as far as Bombay. On his return, he was asked how he liked the appearance of affairs there? He replied, "Not at all—no improvements going on there, as in other parts of the world." The Parsees, the Jews of the place, are eating all before them."

The only remuneration Mr. Waghorn is understood ever to have received from Government, for the interest he exhibited in pro-

moting and directing the route for the Overland Mail, was the concession of the title of "Lieutenant R. N." for which he has long sought. The merchants, however, in 1839-40, very handsomely subscribed a considerable sum, and presented it to Mr. Waghorn, to enable him to push his agency, both at home and in India. He now goes on successfully.

Who has not heard of the Brunels—Father and Son: the former, the constructor of the Thames Tunnel; the latter, the first Railway engineer in the world! Sir Isambert, the old gentleman, was born in a small village in Normandy. "He was educated in the College of Gisors; and when his vacations called him home, his favorite resort was the shop of the village carpenter, whose tools and instruments had greater attractions for the youthful engineer than Latin and Greek, and his allotted holiday task, (*devoirs.*) He has frequently been heard to describe the wonder and delight with which he, for the first time, beheld (1784, on the quay of Rouen) the component parts of a huge steam-engine, just landed from England. 'When I am a man, (he said to himself,) I will repair to the country where such machinery is made.'

It is with his son that I shall more particularly have to do.

If you would see the ugliness of railway speculations, go to a meeting of some respectable company. The scene is the largest hall in some London tavern. The body of the apartment—the spacious music gallery—is crammed with proprietors. They are substantial men. Three moustaches may be detected, on a close scrutiny—one coat with suspicious-looking lappels of sumptuous velvet, ostentatiously folded back—one huge double breast-pin of paltry stones, on a frayed and faded neckcloth; but the mass consists of seemly burgesses, with shrewd, healthy, pleasant countenances, well arrayed in broad-cloth. They are, in outward appearance, the *elite* of the trading and manufacturing class. They are obviously in a state of high excitement. Groups start up in different parts of the hall, and look eagerly towards the outskirts of the crowd whenever a rustle is heard. At last the whole mass rises with a simultaneous cheer. A shrewd, hard-featured man—preceded and followed by a dozen well dressed attendants, proud as peacocks of their proximity—enters, and takes the chair. Amid rapturous applause he proceeds to develop the course of action recommended by himself or his brother directors. It evinces no comprehensive views of general utility—not even a high degree of mechanical skill. It is merely a sample of skilful jobbing on a grand scale—dexterous reconciliation of discordant selfish interests, in order to bring a numerous body to work together. And its great recommendation is that it will raise the price of shares.

In the age of Elizabeth, Spencer and Jonson unconsciously breathed a spirit of poetry

into their conceptions of Mammon; but the incarnation of Mammon in our age, the last avatar of the Brahma of Avarice, is merely grasping, greedy, imitative; there is nothing of intellect or imagination about it.

We will suppose a Railway meeting—and Mr. Brunel, Jr. He is from 40 to 45 years of age and of small stature—from five feet to five feet six. He is slightly but firmly built, with great vigor and elasticity in his gait and person. His face is small and somewhat round, very slightly flushed but not ruddy, with features regular but not marked, yet exceedingly expressive. His forehead, which, in proportion to the head, is a large one, is high, broad and open, and indicative of great intellectual powers. His hair, black, and somewhat wiry, is combed backwards, and gives full effect to all the beauties of the forehead. But that which most attracts the attention, or, more properly speaking, what at first sight absorbs it, is his eye; its color is a hazel, but the observer has very little time to ascertain this. It has a restlessness almost approaching to perpetual motion, and its glances are so pregnant with meaning, so full of fire, and so charged with a penetration that nothing can escape, that the eye of a spectator has more than enough to do to watch its motions. And there is between every motion of these watchful eyes and every feature and muscle of the face, a sympathy and harmony which make them work together with a unity, that at the same time pleases and astonishes.—Let the most difficult point be put, the most intricate question asked, no shade of doubt flutters over his face, his features are not settled in distrust, nor is his eye fixed on vacancy amidst mazes of difficulty.

When under examination before the Parliamentary Committees, his self-possession and apparent indifference are inimitable.—“Mr. Brunel,” asks an honorable member or a noble lord, “do you think that a gradient of so and so is really safe?” “I think so,” is the short and quick reply. “But Mr. Brunel,” continues the querist, “suppose there is a curve of such and such a radius, would you still think such a gradient safe?” “I think so,” is still the laconic and unhesitating answer. “But here, besides these,” and the inquirer’s eye plainly says, “now I have you,”—“we have a tunnel—what, do you think all these safe?” “I think so,” is still the answer.

Mr. Brunel’s great engineering rival is Robert Stephenson. And, like Robert Stephenson, he had the advantage of a first-rate education, the care and superintendence of an able and experienced father and the frequent opportunity of much practice. His history as a railway engineer commenced with the Great Western.

Mr. Brunel is the author of the broad gauge: he introduced it in his first line, he had positively never previously superintended the construction of a railway, and every line in the country was laid down with the narrow

guage. Brunel, in his first line, introduced a new guage, widely different from the old.—His eager mind, quick in conception and comprehensive in its range, does not stop to learn the lesson of experience, or to witness the illustrations of practice.

In the construction of the Great Western, if report speaks true, Mr. Brunel had to call in the assistance of others to correct his own blunders in laying down the sleepers, &c.; and to this very day he is, we are credibly informed, continually experimenting as to the laying down of sleepers, of rails, of using this and that material under the sleeper and under the rail, and a hundred other things.

He surveyed the Great Western—its engineering merits were highly spoken of by George Stephenson and nearly all our eminent engineers—the Bill was passed, and the battle of the broad guage commenced. After a struggle, in which Mr. Brunel performed wonders, he was at length successful, and the broad guage was adopted. All this is like Brunel; and the many failures which were the consequence, are evidence that he did not possess that practical knowledge which was requisite to a due execution, and that he did not, before he started, calculate all the obstacles which he had to overcome.

Last session, the South Wales Railway Company, of which Mr. Brunel was engineer, proposed to cross the river Severn by a bridge at a point called the Horse Shoe. The bridge was to be 200 yards broad. The Severn is well known to be one of the most difficult rivers in the kingdom to construct a bridge over, and especially at this point; but he did not hesitate, and there can be no doubt he would have executed it, but the Admiralty interfered and would not permit it.

Mr. Robert Stephenson experiments before he decides; Mr. Brunel, after he has commenced, and is bound to execute. Mr. Brunel is too rash, perhaps; Mr. Stephenson may sometimes be too slow.

Mr. Brunel superintended the construction of the engines of the Great Western and the Great Britain steam ships, at least he afforded them the benefits of his experience. A few years ago, he very nearly lost his life whilst showing a conjuring trick to a child—he put a half sovereign into his mouth, and pretended to swallow it. Unfortunately the coin slipped down his gullet, and lodged there.—For days his valuable life was in the utmost danger. Sir Benjamin Brodie and other distinguished surgeons, were in constant attendance, and operation after operation was vainly performed. At length the patient set his wits to work, and constructed a machine, by means of which he could be turned upside down in an instant. There were certain times when the coin felt loosened, and by seizing the lucky moment, and turning over, Mr. Brunel succeeded in dislodging the foreign substance. After many trials, one day he turned a summerset rapidly, and out dropped the money.

**TIGER-HUNTING ON ELEPHANTS.***Concluded from page 74, Vol. II.*

(SEE THE PRINT ON PAGE 73.)

The Rajah says Bishop Heber, had been described to me as a man, with whom I should be much pleased, but I saw him under unfavorable circumstances. He had had the same fever with the rest of the world, was looking very yellow, and, as Mr. Boulderson said, unusually silent and out of spirits. His manners and appearance were, however, gentlemanly, and his show of attendants far greater than that of the Rajah of Sheeshghur. He mentioned that there was a tiger in an adjoining tope, which had done a good deal of mischief, that he should have gone after it himself had he not been ill, and had he not thought it would be a fine diversion for Mr. Boulderson and me. I told him I was no sportsman: but Mr. Boulderson's eyes sparkled at the name of tiger, and he expressed great anxiety to beat up his quarters in the afternoon.

Under such circumstances I did not like to deprive him of his sport, as he would not leave me by myself. I went, though with no intention of being more than a spectator. Mr. Boulderson, however, advised me to load my pistols, for the sake of defence, and lent me a very fine double-barrelled gun, for the same purpose. We set out a little after three on our elephants, with a servant behind each howdah, carrying a large chatta, which, however, was almost needless. The Rajah, in spite of his fever, made his appearance too, saying that he could not bear to be left behind. A number of people, on foot and on horseback, attended, from our own camp and the neighboring villages; and the same sort of interest and delight was evidently excited, that might be produced in England by a large coursing party.

The Rajah was on a little female elephant, scarcely bigger than the Durham ox, and almost as shaggy as a poodle. She was a native of the neighboring wood, where they are generally of a smaller size than those of Bengal and Chittagong. He sat in a low howdah, with three or four guns ranged beside him, ready for action. Mr. Boulderson had also a formidable apparatus of muskets and fowling-pieces, projecting over his mohout's head. We rode about two miles over a low plain, covered with long jungly grass, which put me very much in mind of the

country near the Cuban. Quails and wild fowl rose in great numbers; and beautiful antelopes were seen scudding away in all directions. With them our party had no quarrel: their flesh is good for little, and they are in general favorites both with native and English sportsmen, who feel disinclined to meddle with a creature so graceful and so harmless.

At last we came to a deeper and more marshy ground, which lay a little before the tope pointed out to us; and, while Mr. Boulderson was doubting whether we should pass through it or skirt it, some country people came running to say, that the tiger had been tracked there that morning. We therefore went in, keeping line, as if we had been hunting for a hare, through grass so high, that it reached up to the howdah of my elephant, though a tall one, and almost hid the Rajah entirely. We had not gone far, before a very large animal, of the deer kind, sprang up just before us, larger than a stag, of a dusky brown color, with spreading, but not palmated horns. Mr. Boulderson said it was a "mohr," a species of elk; that this was a young one, but that they there grow to an immense size, so that he had stood upright between the tips of their horns. He could have shot, but did not like to fire at present, and said it was, after all, a pity to meddle with such harmless animals. The mohr accordingly ran off unmolested, rising with splendid bounds, up to the very top of the high jungle, so that his whole body and limbs were seen from time to time above it.

At last the elephants all drew up their trunks into the air, and began to roar and stamp violently with their fore feet. The Rajah's little elephant turned short round; and, in spite of all her mohout could say or do, took up her post, to the Rajah's great annoyance, close in the rear of Mr. Boulderson. The other three, (for one of my baggage-elephants had come out too, the mohout, though unarmed, not caring to miss the show,) went on slowly, but boldly, with their trunks raised, their ears expanded, and their sagacious little eyes bent intently forward. "We are close upon him!" said Mr. Boulderson: "fire where you see the long grass shake, if he rises before you."

Just at that moment my elephant stamped again violently. "There, there!" cried the mohout; "I saw his head." A short roar,

or rather loud growl followed; and I saw, immediatly before my elephant's head, the motion of some large animal, stealing away through the grass. I fired, as directed; and a moment after, seeing the motion still more plainly, fired the second barrel. Another short growl followed, the motion was immediately quickened, and was soon lost in the more distant jungle. Mr. Boulderson said: "I should not wonder if you hit him that last time; at any rate we shall drive him out of the cover, and then I will take care of him."

In fact, at that moment, the crowd of horse and foot spectators, at the jungle-side, began to run off in all directions. We went on to the place, but found it was a false alarm; and, in fact, we had seen all we were to see of him, and went twice more through the jungle in vain. A large extent of high grass stretched out in one direction, and this we had not now sufficient daylight to explore. In fact, that the animal before us was a tiger at all, I have no evidence but its growl, Mr. Boulderson's belief, the assertion of the mohout, and, what is perhaps more valuable than all the rest, the alarm expressed by the elephants.

I could not help feeling some apprehension, that my friend had robbed Boulderson of his shot: but he assured me that I was quite in rule, that in such sport no courtesies could be desired, and that the animal in fact rose before me, but that he should himself have fired without scruple, if he had seen the rustle of the grass in time. Thus ended my first, and probably last essay in the "field sports" of India, in which I am much mistaken, notwithstanding what Mr. Boulderson said, if I harmed any living creature.

I asked Mr. Boulderson, on our return, whether tiger-hunting was generally of this kind, which I could not help comparing to that chase of bubbles, which enables us in England, to pursue an otter. In a jungle, he answered, it always must be pretty much the same, inasmuch as, except under very peculiar circumstances, as when a tiger felt himself severely wounded, and was roused to revenge by despair, his aim was to remain concealed, and to make off as quietly as possible. It was after he had broken cover, or when he found himself in a situation so as to be fairly at bay, that the serious part of the sport began, in which case he attacked his

enemies boldly, and always died fighting. He added that the lion, although not so large or swift an animal as the tiger, was generally stronger and more courageous. Those which have been killed in India, instead of running away, when pursued through a jungle, seldom thinks its cover necessary at all. When they see their enemies approaching, they spring out to meet them, open-mouthed, in the plain, like the boldest of all animals, a mastiff dog. They are thus generally shot with very little trouble: if they are missed, or only slightly wounded, they are truly formidable enemies. Though not swift, they leap with strength and violence; and their large heads, and immense paws, and the great weight of their body forwards, often enable them to spring on the heads of the largest elephants, and fairly pull them down to the earth, riders and all.

When a tiger springs on an elephant, the latter is generally able to shake him off, under his feet, and then wo be to him! The elephant either kneels on him, and crushes him at once, or gives him a kick, which breaks half his ribs, and sends him flying, perhaps twenty paces. The elephants, however, are often dreadfully torn; and a large old tiger sometimes clings too fast to be thus dealt with. In this case it often happens, that the tiger himself falls, from pain, or from the hope of rolling on his enemy; and the people on his back are in very considerable danger from both friends and foes: for Mr. Boulderson said the scratch of a tiger was sometimes venomous, as that of a cat is said to be. But this did not often happen; and in general persons wounded by the teeth or claws, if not killed outright, recovered easily enough.

*Virginia.*—This state was settled in 1607, by the English; acceded to the Union in June, 1788; capital, Richmond. A freehold in possession, or in the occupancy of only a tenant at will or sufferance, worth \$25; or the reversion of a freehold, to vest on the termination of a life estate, and worth \$50; or a leasehold of the yearly value of \$20, for a term not less than five years; or the payment of a state tax within the year by a housekeeper who is the head of a family, and has a year's residence, gives the right of voting to every citizen, except paupers, felons, and persons in the army or navy, not having commissions. Area, 64,000 square miles. Population in 1840, 1,239,797.



## UPPER CASTLE ON THE DARDANELLES.

For ages the passage of the Dardanelles was regarded as a most dangerous, or rather impracticable enterprise, by naval men, as well as by the world at large. Like many other opinions, founded on rumor, or on facts imperfectly understood, it has been totally changed, by an increase of knowledge. And thus it has been, within the memory of many of us, with several other points involving the military power of that nation to which these forts belong. The Russian campaign taught us, that the Turkish power had long been vastly overrated.

The following allusion to the Upper Castle, (which is represented in our print) we copy from Dr. Kekay's Travels.

He gives us a sketch, on a scale of an inch to a mile, to furnish the reader with an idea of the various defences of the Dardanelles, from the upper or inner castles to Abydos. It will be recollect, that in addition to these, an enemy would have first to encounter the fire of the two lower castles at the entrance of Dardanelles, besides several water-batteries along the shores, carrying altogether 203 guns, previous to meeting these formidable castles.

Although these present a formidable aspect to an enemy, yet their importance has, we imagine, been greatly overrated. A debarkation on the Thracian peninsula would take the works on the European shore with great ease, and those on the opposite side would fall of course. The real enemy, and the one most to be dreaded, is far in the rear of all these formidable works; and past experience should have instructed the Turk that Russia does not depend so much upon her ships as upon her armed battalions.

As we approached the extensive fortresses which command the narrowest part of the Dardanelles, a scene of a different nature presented itself. As a compliment, we hoisted a large Turkish flag, and immediately a hundred flags arose from every part of the castles on either side of the straits. The consuls of all the European nations residing here also hoisted the standards of their respective countries, and the long line of white battlements was crowded with spectators.

The American flag was the only one not exhibited. We were afterwards informed that we have a consul here, but he was too poor to purchase a flag. He is a respectable Jew, with twenty-five children, and his consular fees amount to about six dollars per annum. It need scarcely be added that he has no salary. His official rank, however, is very great, and he enjoys the inestimable privilege of strutting through the dirty streets of this village with his twenty-five children all clad in yellow slippers. He is the Levantine Jew alluded to by Turner, who was formerly the English vice-consul at the Dardanelles, a post which his family has filled for successive generations.

Taking the lead of our fleet, we ran rapidly up the straits, and passed a low point of land on our right, which is covered with a circular battery, marking the site of Abydos. At this place Xerxes crossed with his Persian host, on his disastrous expedition against Greece. The wind, shortly after we had passed this place, died away, and we anchored about three miles above, on the European side, under a high point of land, which is commonly supposed to have been the ancient locality of Sestos. This spot has obtained a singular celebrity, as the place whence Leander swam across the Hellespont.



#### QUEEN VICTORIA ON HORSEBACK.

The English are remarkably fond of riding on horseback, and the practice is far more common among ladies, as well as gentlemen, than in our own country, excepting Virginia, and certain other portions of the Union, where it is forced upon the people by necessity.

No one, who has tried the experiment long enough to form an opinion, can have any doubt of the healthfulness of the exercise; and, as for the pleasure, it is unquestionably far more conducive to physical enjoyment, than the more easy but luxurious and effeminate movements of the railcar or steamboat. Some object to it on account of the numerous risks of injury in different ways; and of that we have nothing to say, except that if they be greater and more serious than in vehicles, we scarcely can institute a fair comparison, especially while we have so little practical acquaintance with horse-riding in our country at large, and so few arrangements or preparations to procure good and safe animals for the saddle. Besides, we know very well that the dangers and inconveniences, what-

ever they may be, are not presented to us by those who have had the best opportunities to appreciate them, that is, horsemen themselves. On the contrary, they are the loudest in the praise of this mode of exercise and of travelling, and generally testify their attachment and preference for it, by practising it in preference to all others, to the end of their lives.

The vigorous exertions of a spirited horse communicate to our frames a constant and exhilarating motion; the free air surrounds us, and comes to our lungs fresh from the cornfields or gardens, the mountain top or the ocean, without any interruption, check or contamination; the scenes around us are unscreened and unclouded, presenting all their natural beauty and continued variety. We move in the same atmosphere inhaled by the lowing herds and the joyful feathered throngs; and we soon begin to feel something of that influence on our physical system, which makes the lambs gambol on the grass, and the birds break out in songs.

Who that has performed a journey on horseback, has not found his whole set of

feelings in some degree altered by the physical excitement of the exercise? It requires a day, a week or a fortnight to accustom a novice to the saddle and the fatigue of the exercise: but, sooner or later, he will feel himself emancipated from the feebleness and effeminate condition, to which the luxurious, debilitating and depressing habits of city life reduce so many of us, and feel thrills of enjoyment through his nerves, and a rising energy in his limbs, which may remind him of youth, and its long-forgotten buoyancy and lightness of heart.

At least such has been our own experience; and this recurrence to the subject has already awakened pleasing recollections of the majestic solitudes of the White Hills, and of the Italian mountains, among which we have passed, in former days, borne by spirited, or at least, faithful and sure-footed steeds. The aspect of a good rider, well mounted, is recommendation enough of this mode of travelling to many an observer; and we could hardly have desired a more graceful specimen of horsemanship than that which we have given on the preceding page, which represents the Queen of England, attended by her consort, in one of those country rides which she is so fond of taking.

*An Unexpected but Joyful Meeting.*—A gentleman residing near Marlborough, in this county, some days since went to New York to get a hand to work for him on his farm. He chanced to have recommended to him a young man who had just emigrated from Germany, and through hired persons, (as the German could not speak English,) he engaged to work with him, and brought the young man over to his residence. At dusk the gentleman sent to a neighbor for a German who had been working there for a long time, having emigrated from Germany many years since, and whose steady habits had, as much as anything, influenced him in retaining the young man, to come and talk with the new work-hand. The German who was sent for, came and seated himself by the fire, back of the other, who was drinking his tea. The family were waiting for the meal to be finished, expecting to hear some regular Dutch talk; nor did they wait in vain, for the moment

the young man turned from the table, his eyes were fixed on the other German.—Both stood a moment regarding each other, and then rushed into each other's arms—they were *brothers*, and had met for the first time in many years! The kind feeling, the unbounded joy, the repeated embrace, were worthy of lovers. These two honest Dutchmen did talk real Dutch that night, and will probably do so for a long time, as they work on farms which adjoin each other.—*Monmouth Enquirer.*

*SALT FOR CATTLE.*—The advantage of salt as an addendum to the food of *man* is a "fixed fact," as Mr. Cushing might say, and it is proved to be no less a desideratum for the *animal* creation. The following curious fact is mentioned in Parker's "Treatise on Salt":—

"A person who kept sixteen farming horses, made the following experiment with seven of them, which had been accustomed to eat salt with their feed. Lumps of rock salt were laid in their mangers, and these lumps, previously weighed, were examined regularly, to ascertain what quantity weekly had been consumed; and it was repeatedly found, that whenever these horses were fed on hay and corn, they consumed only two and a half or three ounces per day, and when they were fed with new hay, they took six ounces per day. This fact should convince us of the expediency of permitting our cattle the free use of salt at all times; and it cannot be given in so convenient a form as rock salt, it being much more palatable than the other in a refined state, and by far cheaper. A good lump should always be kept in a box, by the side of the animal, without fear that it will ever be taken to excess."—*Boston Transcript.*

*Perranzabuloe, the lost Church found.*—The title of this book is somewhat quaint. It seems that Perranzabuloe, a place on the North West Coast of Cornwall, is the site of an old church, and actually was its sepulchre from the twelfth century to the year 1835; the edifice during that long interval having been completely buried in sand! Eleven years ago, successful attempts were made to extricate the church from its sandy grave, and present it, "in all its unpretending simplicity, its rude but solid workmanship, to the wonder of antiquarians, and the gratitude of Cornish men."

The application is this: the author says that Perranzabuloe illustrates the condition of the church of England at the reformation—when it was not rebuilt, but restored from the incrustations which the church of Rome had spread over its walls, and at last "entombed in the depth of her own abominations."



## AN AMERICAN COLONY IN AFRICA

This cut presents us with a view of one of the first villages formed in Liberia by the Colonization Society, as it appeared soon after its commencement. It has since been considerably enlarged, and many others are now erected on other parts of the coast. The history of those settlements abounds in interest; and such of our readers as have not yet paid particular attention to the subject, will find much to engage their feelings and to inform their minds, in the perusal of the accounts furnished by missionaries, agents and visitors, as well as by some of the colonists themselves, which have been published in different forms within a few years past, and this independently of any idea they may entertain about the expediency or feasibility of the general plan.

The following extracts from the last number of the African Repository contains important statistics.

The Commonwealth of Liberia is represented to be in a most flourishing condition.

The colony extends about three hundred miles along the coast. In 1821 the agents of the Colonization Society attempted to purchase a tract for their first settlement at Grand Bassa; but the obstinate refusal of the natives to abandon the slave trade was an insuperable obstacle. In December, however, of the same year, Cape Mesurado was purchased upon that indispensable condition. In 1825 another tract was purchased on the St. Paul's, by Mr. Ashmun, then governor. Of this territory he remarked, that "along this beautiful river

were formerly scattered, in Africa's better days, innumerable native hamlets; and still within the last twenty years, nearly the whole river-board, for one or two miles back, was under the slight culture which obtains among the natives of this country. But the population had been wasted by the rage for trading in slaves, with which the constant presence of trading vessels, and the introduction of foreign luxuries, have inspired them. The south bank of this river, and all the intervening country between it and the Mesurado, have been from this cause nearly desolated of inhabitants. A few detached, solitary plantations, scattered at long intervals through the tract, just serve to interrupt the silence and relieve the gloom which reign over the whole region."

There are now nine settlements in the colony. Of these, Monrovia, the seat of government, is the largest, containing a population of about one thousand. On the St. Paul's river there are two settlements, Caldwell and Millsburg. On an arm of St. Paul's river, called Stocking Creek, is New Georgia, the settlement of those recaptured Africans who were restored to the land of their nativity by the United States government. At the mouth of the Junk river is the settlement of Marshall, and on the St. John's are those of Edina, Bassa Cove and Bexley; further down the coast is that of Greenville, near the mouth of the Sinou river. Besides these are two others, one on the Sinou river, and the other on the St. Paul's.

Writing of Cape Mesurado, in 1844, Com. Perry says—"I first saw this beautiful promontory, when its dense forests were only inhabited by wild beasts; since then I have visited it thrice, and each time have

noticed with infinite satisfaction, its progressive improvement. The Cape has now upon its summit, a growing town, having several churches, a mission establishment, school-house, a building for the meeting of courts, printing presses, warehouses, shops, &c. In fact, it possesses most of the conveniences of a small seaport town in the United States, and it is not unusual to see at anchor in its capacious road, on the same day, one or more vessels of war and two or three merchant vessels.

The colony is divided into two counties, Montserado and Grand Bassa, in each of which courts are regularly held. The form of government is similar to that of the State governments in the United States. All of its officers are blacks, including the Governor, who is the only one appointed by the American Colonization Society. Its legislature is composed of ten representatives, who are elected by the people, and hold an annual session. The colonial physician, in writing upon this subject, says, that "in visiting the legislature and the different courts during their sessions, any unprejudiced individual cannot fail to be impressed with feelings of respect for the authorities of the colony, and with the conviction of the fact, that in a country in which the mind as well as the body is unfettered, the power of self-government does not depend upon the color of the skin."

Most of the usual productions of tropical climates thrive well in Liberia. The coffee tree will grow as freely and yield as abundantly as perhaps in any other part of the world. At some future period, its fruit will be the principal staple production, and the most profitable article of exportation. The cotton tree will yield abundantly, and the sugar cane grows luxuriantly, but cannot at present be manufactured to advantage for want of capital. Indeed such is the variety and value of its productions, that at no distant day a lucrative commerce must be established between the colony and other nations. The imports during the last two years amounted to \$157,829, and the exports during the same period, to \$123,694. The Liberia Herald states that "the commerce and the trade of the colony have been steadily on the increase. According to the official returns the imports for a single quarter exceeded \$40,000, and the exports were about the same. The country has immense resources. It only requires industry and indomitable perseverance to develop them. "The receipts into the colonial treasury, chiefly from im-

port duties, were sufficient to meet the current expenses of the commonwealth. These receipts would be vastly increased, if all the sea coast was under the jurisdiction of the colony, by which smuggling and the introduction of goods free of duty would be prevented."

The influence of the colony upon the slave trade has been of the most flattering character. For centuries, Africa has been plundered of her children without a single voice raised in her behalf, and thousands upon thousands have been annually carried away into hopeless captivity. Many sections of her territory have become entirely depopulated by the violence of intestine wars, excited by the cupidity of the slave dealer, and dense forests have covered the spot where once were thriving villages and extensive towns. "The two slaving stations of Cape Mount and Cape Mesurado," says Mr. Ashmun, "have for several ages been desolated of every thing valuable, as well as the intervening very fertile and beautiful tract of country. The forests have remained untouched, all moral virtue has been extinguished in the people, and their industry annihilated by this one ruinous cause."

The whole slave trading coast of Western Africa, is estimated at four thousand miles, which if in the market at 13½ a mile, the estimated value of the tract which the American Colonization Society is now attempting to purchase, would cost \$533,333. The expense, including interest on the first cost for two years, of our squadron of eighty guns, which the United States is bound, by the African treaty, to keep on the African coast for the suppression of the slave trade, is \$613,272, being enough to buy the whole four thousand miles and leave a surplus of \$79,939, while the annual expense of the British squadrons employed in watching the slave trade for several years past has been estimated at about two millions and a half. According to a Parliamentary return of 1843, the total expense to the British government of every thing connected with the suppression of this trade, including her settlements on the African coast established for that purpose, drawn up with great care from official documents, amounted to £22,429,271, or about \$100,000,000, down to the beginning of 1839. The inefficiency of this immense naval expenditure is alluded to in the London Morning Herald:—It is now sixty years since Englishmen directed their attention to the suppression of the destructive traffic; and with little effect.

**A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN HOWARD.**

(Continued from Vol. II., page 52.)

But this did not intimidate him. He was determined to run the risk, in full reliance on the protection of Providence, as he thought it essential to his plans, personally to inspect the Lazarettos of Marseilles and Toulon. In two days he reached Paris, whence he went to Lyons, travelling as a doctor, and justifying his claims to the title by prescribing very successfully for a lady of the party, in the coach in which he travelled. At Lyons he could not refrain, although keeping himself as private as possible, from visiting all the prisons, and hospitals of the city. At length he reached Marseilles, and called on an old acquaintance; but his reception was calculated to alarm him: "Mr. Howard, I have always been happy to see you till now. Leave France as soon as possible. I know they are searching for you in all directions." From this friend he learned, that he had travelled all the way for the Hague with a spy, sent by the French Minister, and that he was only saved from an arrest the night he was in Paris, by the absence of the official character who managed such matters.

This animosity of the French government, was founded on the efforts Howard had made to prevent the English prisoners of war at Dunkirk from entering the French navy, and on having published in French, as well as in English, a pamphlet, detailing all the secret horrors of the Bastile. These were unpardonable sins, in the eyes of the French government. After having visited secretly the Lazaretto at Marseilles, and had a drawing made of the whole plan of it; prudence required that he should quit France as soon as possible. He therefore sailed for Nice.—From there he proceeded to the South of Italy, visiting all the prisons, hospitals and Lazarettos in the principal cities, sometimes pleased by finding old grievances redressed, and better regulations instituted, and sometimes pained by seeing the establishments he had before admired, now changed for the worse.

From Nap's he proceeded to Malta, where he spent three weeks, and found much to displease, in the ill regulated prisons and hospitals. The following extract from a letter from this place will serve to show both the effect of his visits to Lazarettos, and the spirit by which he was animated. "One effect I find during my visits to the Lazarettos, viz., a head-ache and pain across my forehead, but it has always quite left me, in one hour after I have come from these places. As I am quite alone, I have need to summon all my courage and resolution. You will say it is a great design, and so liable to a fatal miscarriage, I must adopt the motto of a Maltese Baron:—*Non nisi per ardua.* I will not think my friend is amongst the many who

treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical, and say, as was first said of my former attempt, that it would produce no real or lasting advantage. But I persevere, 'through good report, and evil report.' I know I run the risk of my life, &c.. Yet there is a hope set before me. In him, the Lord Jesus Christ, I trust. In him I have strong consolation."

He was now about to enter the region of infection; and, embarking on board a vessel, was landed at Smyrna, stopping at Zante on the way, visiting the hospitals and prisons of the Greeks. The plague had raged here, and still existed partially. Nevertheless he visited the Lazarettos, and then went by sea to Constantinople. While at Smyrna, in the character of an English doctor, he performed a cure upon a person whose life had been given up. The report of the cure having spread throughout the city, afforded him a ready passport in all his visits. It even followed him to Constantinople, and greatly assisted him in all his undertakings. Here he staid nearly a month, at the end of which time he made arrangements for proceeding by land to Vienna.

And here we have to record an act, which will successfully compete with, if it does not altogether throw in the shade, any human act of philanthropy and disinterestedness the world has ever witnessed. Surely, while we draw back at the thought of the exposure he underwent, we cannot but look with the highest admiration on this noble deed of humanity. Whilst preparing for his departure to Vienna, it suddenly occurred to him, that, after all the dangers he had incurred, and the fatigues he had endured, the information he had gained concerning the arrangements of the Lazarettos was mere hearsay, and might just as well have been procured by written applications to ministers and consuls; and that the only way to obtain a knowledge of their economy would be to subject himself to their discipline.

Once convinced of this, his resolution was taken. He would go directly back to Smyrna, whence no vessels sailed with clean bills of health; and, by taking passage thence to Venice, he should, on arriving, be obliged to perform quarantine in an extensive Lazaretto of that city. Relinquishing, therefore, his intention of returning home, he sailed for Salonica and Scio, visiting all the prisons; and, arriving at Smyrna, he found a vessel bound for Venice, with a foul bill of health. He immediately took passage in her; and, after a dangerous voyage of two months, reached the spot where he was to carry on his investigations in a new manner, as the inmate of a Lazaretto.

I have already taken up too much space, to give more than an outline of his life, while undergoing this voluntary imprisonment of 40 days. The room in which he had first lodged was very dirty, full of vermin, and without table, chair or bed, and in the Laz-

retto chiefly used by Turks, soldiers and crews of vessels which had the plague on board. He immediately employed a person to wash his room; but this did not remove the offensiveness of it, or prevent constant headache. In a few days, at the representation of the English consul, he was removed to another Lazaretto, nearer the city. Here his lodgings were two rooms, one above the other, but no less disagreeable were they than the one he had just left. Of the two apartments he preferred lying in the lower one, on a brick floor and nearly surrounded by water. At the end of six days, he was again removed to rather better quarters. The windows of his rooms afforded a pleasant view: but the rooms were without furniture, very dirty, and no less offensive than the sick wards of the worst hospital. The walls, not having been cleansed for years, seemed to be saturated with infection; and, though he washed them repeatedly with boiling water, it did not remove their offensive smell. In this unwholesome atmosphere his appetite failed, his head ached constantly, and he felt himself to be in danger of the slow hospital-fever. In this situation he proposed to whitewash his room: but, his proposal being rejected by the prejudices of those around him, he succeeded, by the help of the British Consul, in smuggling into his apartment a quarter of a bushel of quick lime, and a brush; and, by rising very early, and bribing an attendant to help him, he accomplished the business one morning before his guard was awake. By this simple process, his principal room was rendered so sweet, that he ate his next meal in it with a better relish, had a good night's rest, and in a few days recovered his usual appetite.

While a prisoner, he received a package of letters from his far-distant home, the contents of which gave him far more pain than pleasure. That calm frame of mind, and those even spirits, which his personal sufferings could not affect, were not proof against the sad tidings which reached him of his son's conduct. He heard of the strange whims, and extravagant behavior of his only child: but the whole truth was not told him. None of his correspondents mentioned their suspicions that his son labored under a mental malady. Another piece of intelligence which he received, and which would have been gratifying to most men, caused him unmixed pain. He was informed that a subscription had been set on foot in England, for the purpose of erecting a monument to his honor, and that it was rapidly filled with the names of ministers, nobles and persons of distinction. So far was this truly modest man from deriving any pleasure from so remarkable a testimony of public esteem, that all his expressions on this subject show his retiring nature to have been deeply wounded, by the possibility of such an exposure to the world. The only monument he desired was the good results which might flow to his suf-

fering fellow beings, out of his unwearied exertions in their behalf.

When he had completed the term of his confinement, he left the Lazaretto, with his health and spirits so much impaired by all he had suffered there, that he found it necessary to remain a week in Venice, in order to recruit, before he began his long, and wearisome journey home. Suffering under the slow hospital fever, he left Venice for Trieste, whence he proceeded to Vienna in an easy travelling carriage; and hardly allowing himself the necessary repose after his long journey, was soon actively engaged in the inspection of prisons, &c., in the Austrian capital. Thence he passed through Holland: and, early in February, 1787, he arrived at his own house in London. After a short repose from the fatigue of travelling, he went to Cardington, to see for himself the state of his son's malady; and found him a raving maniac, threatening destruction to his dearest friends. Resignation and constant occupation were the only balm for his wounded feelings; and he was too pious, and too deeply pledged to the public, not to reap the full benefit of both. The project of the monument being still persisted in, he published a spirited and dignified letter in all the principal public journals, addressed to the subscribers to the monument, expressing the hope, that, if his friends wished for his happiness, and future comfort in life, they would withdraw their names from the subscription to a design to which he could not consent, without violating all his feelings, and the execution of which would be a cruel punishment to him. His letter had the desired effect: the project was abandoned, and the subscribers were invited to reclaim their money. Out of £1500, or more, but £500 was refunded. The rest was placed in the stocks, and was used, after the death of the philanthropist, to confer that honor on his memory which his modesty refused while living.

Did he not rest from his labors, the reader, perhaps wearied with following this indefatigable man, will ask? No! he did not. As he intended to publish a full account of the Lazarettos and hospitals which he had visited in his last tour, he was desirous of adding to it a further description of jails, bridewells and hospitals of his own country; and, in order to note the changes which might have taken place since the publication of his former work, he entered upon another general tour of inspection throughout the United Kingdom.—These tours occupied about two years, at the end of which time he began to print the results of his labors, abroad and at home. His book was entitled: "An account of the principal Lazarettos in Europe, with various Papers relative to the Plague, together with some further Observations on some Foreign Prisons and Hospitals, and additional Remarks on the present state of those in Great Britain and Ireland."

(To be concluded.)

## MAPLE SUGAR.

The season for making maple sugar being near at hand, and as very many are ignorant or negligent of the best method of manufacturing it, (judging from the samples annually presented in the market,) we have thought it might be useful to copy the following from the Report of the Commissioners of Patents (Mr. Ellsworth's) for 1844.

RUTLAND, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1844.

SIR—Your favor of December 4th was duly received, and I am happy to inform you, as far as I am able, what you desire to know of the process by which I made that sugar of which you have seen a small sample. First, the plan and manner of tapping the trees in this town is very nearly the same; that is with a half-inch or five-eighths auger, and a spile inserted in the hole, and a pine tub to catch the sap from each tree. I gather my sap into one large reservoir once in 24 hours; then it is boiled each day to syrup, which is about half the sweetness of molasses; it is then taken out and strained through a flannel cloth, and put into a tub or barrel to cool and settle for 12 hours. (I use a sheet from a pan, set in an arch of brick; the pan is made of Russia iron, eight feet long, four feet wide and six inches deep.) It is then taken out—and I am careful not to move the bottom where it has settled—and placed in a kettle and heated to 98 degrees.

I then add (for 100 pounds) the whites of four eggs, two quarts of milk, and one ounce of saleratus—the eggs well beat up, and the saleratus well dissolved—and the whole well mixed together in the syrup, and when the scum has all risen, it is to be taken off, and be sure it does not boil before you have done skimming it. Then it is boiled until it is done, which you will know by dropping some into water, which if done will form wax.—It then must be taken from the kettle and placed in tin pans to cool and form grain, and as soon as the grain is sufficiently formed, I then pour it into tunnel shaped boxes, to drain, and after 24 hours I place a flannel cloth on the top; and take the plug from the bottom and let it drain. The flannel cloth I keep wet from day to day. The sample which you have seen was done in this way, with the addition of being repeated after once draining. Should you wish for farther information, or a more extensive sample, please send me word to that effect, and it will be cheerfully given. You will please accept my thanks for your kindness. Your's, &c.

MOSES EAMES.

Hon. H. L. ELLSWORTH.

SEEDS.—We thank those of our subscribers who have expressed their wish to cooperate with us in our plans for the propagation of useful and ornamental trees and shrubs, and assure them that the kind intimations we have received the past week have given us

much pleasure. We regret, however, to be obliged to apologize to some of our friends, who have paid for our second volume, as the demand for *Mummy Wheat* has exhausted our stock much sooner than we had reason to anticipate. We have applied for more, but it is very scarce. However, we hope to make amends, ere long.

## The Slave Trade Now.

A slave barque from Africa, named the Pons, has been captured with nine hundred slaves, in latitude 3°, by the U. S. Sloop of war, Capt. Bell, and the most shocking descriptions are given of the suffering condition of the poor captives. There were 47 girls, and the rest were chiefly boys between 10 and 20 years old. The following deserves to be recorded, painted and reflected upon, as one of the most affecting scenes ever witnessed, and one which reflects honor on the human race, while it silences the charges made against the Africans, of possessing less sensibility than others of the species. Men of any complexion may hereafter be content, if they only equal the conduct of the two little boys mentioned below.

"The sailors pointed me to a group of three little boys under the bow of the long boat, on deck. One of them was probably eight years of age, and almost in a dying state, and had been pining away for the last six days. Two others, perhaps ten and twelve years of age, were sitting by him, one on either side, watching him with a great deal of apparent sympathy, and administering to him, as they were able. They had procured a small quantity of oakum, with which they had made his bed, and a small piece of muslin for his pillow. They did not leave him night or day, and the sailors always found one of them awake. Through an interpreter, I commended them for their kindness to the little sufferer, and promised to take them to live with me, and that they should bring with them their sick companion. I gave each of them a slip of paper with my name, directing them to keep them so that I might know them when they landed.

The elder boys are brothers, and the younger was from the same tribe.

During the night the little sick boy died, as did also several others, and was thrown into the sea. When the brothers arrived near the beach, they plunged into the water (as all the captives were required to do) and washed themselves, but came out with the slips of paper clenched in their hands. One of these we have named John Wesley, the other, David A. Shepard, and have taken them to educate."

## POETRY.

## HOME.

Home, home well I remember  
 Thee, thee, loveliest home,  
 Though, though, though I may wander  
 Far o'er the nation to roam,  
 Yes, yes, ah, yes,  
 I will remember my home.

Home, home, thou art more lovely,  
 When, when, when I'm away,  
 Yet, yet, yet I will bless thee,  
 And for thy happiness pray.  
 Yes, yes, &c.

Home, home, though thou art lowly,  
 And though humble thy fare,  
 Still, still, still I will love thee,  
 For all thy kindness and care.  
 Yes, yes, &c.

Home, home, pleasant thy mem'ry,  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet happy home,  
 Where, where, where in my fancy,  
 I in my infancy roam,  
 Yes, yes, &c.

Home, home, others may praise thee,  
 I, I, I love thee more,  
 Though, though, years have roll'd by me,  
 And I thy memory deplore.  
 Yes, yes, &c.

*Bangor Whig.*

## THE YOUNG ASTRONOMER.

BY MISS B. F. THOMAS.

Ay! ask the deathless stars, my boy,  
 The secret of their power  
 To chain the soul in silent awe,  
 At evening's lonely hour!  
 For since the Eastern magi watched  
 On Chaldea's midnight plain,  
 Full many a Pagan priest and seer  
 Have asked them, all in vain!

Far up they roll their silent course,  
 With calm and steady light,  
 Still looking on the deeds of earth,  
 Lone watchers of the night!  
 They saw Assyria's rise and fall—  
 They saw the might of Rome—  
 And these are fled, yet still the stars  
 Watch from their deathless home!

And ages more shall pass away,  
 And empires come and go,  
 Yet still the stars shall keep their watch  
 With faces wan with woe.  
 I'll tell thee, child, what subtle power  
 Is theirs, as thus they roll—  
 It is the voice of God, through them,  
 That whispers to thy soul!

*Graham's Mag.*

## RECEIPT.

(A friend has kindly procured for us the following well-timed information.)

## MATERIALS OF HOWELL'S CLAM SOUP.

- No. 1. 25 medium size clams cut in pieces.
- No. 2. 2 quarts of water and the juice of the clams.
- No. 3. 1 onion chopped fine.
- No. 4. A little salt and pepper according to taste.
- No. 5. 2 spoonfuls of wheat flower rubbed up with a lump of butter the size of a hickory nut.
- No. 6. 1 pint of milk well beaten with the yolks of four eggs.

The materials, Nos. 1 to 4, being thickened with No. 5, are to be set to boil for ten or twelve minutes, *no longer*. Then, being taken from the fire, the milk and yolks (No. 6) are to be gradually stirred in, and the soup is ready for the palate of the more fastidious epicure. Mr. Howell, of — L. I. has made his house deservedly celebrated for furnishing his guests with a dish so delicious.

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